

# THE DAYSPRING.

*"The dayspring from on high hath visited us."*

OLD SERIES.  
VOL. XXXI. }

MAY, 1879.

{ NEW SERIES.  
VOL. VIII. No. 5.



## OUR SAILOR BOY.

WILLIE JOHNSON, like many other boys, wants to be a sailor. He loves to stand on the sea-shore, and watch the vessels that glide along over the vast expanse of water before him. He thinks it would be nice fun to live most of the time on the sea, and sail from one port to another in a stately ship. But it may be that he will not be a sailor when he comes to be a man; for often boys become something different from what they long to be in their boyish fancies.

Willie has a boat called the "Sea-Gull," which his brother Charlie made, and gave him for a birthday present. He has also a complete sailor suit, which his mother gave him at the same time. Do you not see the word "Sea-Gull" carved on the stern of his boat? Do you not also see the word "Sea-Gull" on his hat-band? That shows that he belongs to the "Sea-Gull."

Although Willie's boat is a pretty one, we are afraid that it does not sail well. How many of our readers know what defects there are in it? Will not those who do send us a short letter pointing them out? If they will, we will publish one or two of the best of these letters in the next number of "The Day-spring."

## THE GARDEN OF LIFE.

## A SUNDAY-SCHOOL FLORAL PIECE.

BY MRS. E. H. PINKHAM.

[*Directions.*—The arrangements for this floral concert service may be made by preparing a thin, circular board with holes around the edge to receive the bouquets (or it may have holes all over it, and be trimmed lightly with green), with a narrow strip of board fastened to the back with a hinge, that it may be set up on a table or on the stage, as you would set up a picture frame. A nail or hook may be placed above the centre, on which to hang the picture; and, if the dove is used, a curved piece of wire, with the upper end hooked, can be placed in the frame so that the dove may be suspended over the whole.]

*First Girl.*

Dear schoolmates, I 'm thinking these young lives  
of ours

May be like to a garden of beautiful flowers,  
Where fragrance and beauty united may show  
How the purest of lives may with happiness glow.  
But the flowers that bloom in this garden most fair  
Must be chosen and planted with tenderest care,  
The weeds be kept down through the swift passing  
years,

And they sometimes, I fear, must be watered with  
tears;

But the tears will be transient, and rest on the  
flowers,

Like bright pearly dew-drops, or soft summer  
showers.

What flowers shall we bring to make fair, and to lend  
To our garden a beauty that never shall end?

You each must have something, we 're waiting to  
know

What flowers for the garden of life you can show.

*Second Girl, with Roses.*

I bring the rose, with wealth of perfume rare,  
Like good deeds, sweetening all the summer air;  
It blooms for all, and none so high or low  
But that it finds them in their joy or woe.

It scatters odors round the rich man's door,  
And blooms along the wayside for the poor.  
It grows in shade of pink, and white, and red,  
To grace the wedding, or to crown the dead;  
And when a veil of moss the angel round it threw,  
'Twas like sweet charity. — I bring the rose to you.



*First Boy, with Oak Leaves.*

A branch of the brave old oak I bring,  
That tosses its arms like a mighty thing  
Of giant strength and power to endure,  
Still striking its roots more firm and sure  
As storm after storm breaks over its head,  
Gaining strength to grow in its earthy bed;  
So we, who shall conquer a single sin,  
Gain strength with each struggle again to win,  
Until, when free from the turmoil and strife,  
We are hearts of oak in the garden of life.

*Third Girl, with Lilies.*

Emblem of purity, fair and true,  
The starry lily I bring to you;  
Round it the tenderest memories twine, —  
The flower that grew in Palestine,  
Which Jesus bade us consider well,  
Learning the lesson its petals tell,  
That even Solomon, with princely care  
Was not arrayed like the lily fair;  
So day by day, through toil and strife,  
May we grow like the lily in the garden of life.

*Second Boy, with Cedar.*

I bring the cedar's perennial green,  
Through the winter's snow and ice it is seen  
Raising its head to meet the sun.  
Those grand old cedars of Lebanon  
Have stood for ages, and none can know  
How long since they first began to grow;  
But the ancient prophets loved them well,  
Of their strength and beauty they loved to tell;  
Its odorous wood is eagerly sought,  
And in works of use and ornament wrought;  
So, for usefulness, strength, and grace,  
In the garden of life give the cedar place.

*Fourth Girl, with Violets.*

A modest flower, of humble mien,  
Blooming under its broad leaves green;  
Humility, clothed in azure and white,  
Shunning the glare of noonday light,  
Content to sit at the Master's feet,  
And give to the world its odors sweet.  
Hid by the cedar from thought of harm,  
Or under the oak-tree's sheltering arm,  
The humble violet comes to bring  
To the garden of life her offering.

*Third Boy, with Palm.*

I bring the regal palm to thee,  
That tells of glorious victory,  
Of duty triumphant over wrong,  
And the daily warfare that makes life strong;  
A carpet strewn for the Saviour's feet,  
When his life on earth had been made complete:  
For the princely palm with its fruitage rare  
We will find a place in our garden fair.

*Fifth Girl, with Narcissus.*

I bring a flower to our garden shrine, —  
'Twas the rose of Sharon in Palestine;  
'Tis as fragrant now as in days gone by  
When it met the prophet's admiring eye,  
Stopping perhaps near Calvary's height  
To gaze on its petals of pearly white;  
It glowed with beauty for Israel's king:  
The white Narcissus to thee I bring.

*Fourth Boy, with Dove and Olive.*

There's the olive branch with its green leaves dark,  
Which the dove in its wanderings brought to the ark,  
Telling of peace, and a world at rest  
From the tumult of waters that swept its breast;  
And to-day, when the tumult of war would cease,  
We proffer the olive branch of peace;  
Forgetting not how the angels sang,  
And Heaven with hallelujahs rang,  
When on that starry Christmas morn  
The Prince of Peace to the world was born:  
To the garden of life the olive would come,  
With the gentle dove to seek a home.

*Sixth Girl, with Lilies of the Valley.*

Sharon has brought its dewy rose,  
And now the valley tells  
Of this sweetly perfumed lily,  
With its little fairy bells.  
Like the modest violet it blooms  
Under its broad green leaves,  
And from a quiet shady nook  
Its wealth of fragrance gives;  
Like charity, seeking not her own,  
It comes to the garden fair, —  
This lily of the valley,  
Sweetening all the summer air.

*Fifth Boy, with a picture of Lincoln wreathed with Laurel.*

One tree for the garden of life I would name,  
Nor ask it a place as an emblem of fame;

For mere fame is worthless, and less than naught,  
 Unless through some duty its deeds are wrought.  
 But sometimes it brings to the vision of youth  
 A lesson of patriotism, valor, and truth;  
 No fear that our country we e'er shall betray  
 If loyal to truth and to duty each day.  
 Christ said, greater love no mortal can give  
 Than to yield up his own life that others may live;  
 So what is more fitting our garden to grace,  
 Than this wreath of green laurel we lovingly place  
 On the brow of our Lincoln, whose character bright  
 Will shine through the ages, a star of pure light;  
 He gave to his country his last parting breath,  
 And, Christ-like, his loyalty sealed with his death:  
 So to perfect the garden of life, I bestow  
 The martyr, with laurel encircling his brow.

*First Girl.*

What a vision of beauty our bright garden yields,  
 With treasures collected from forests and fields!  
 Each one has selected with tenderest care  
 The tribute that seemed to the giver most fair.  
 We've the emblems of goodness, of strength, and of  
 love,  
 With the emblem of peace in the beak of the dove;  
 We have purity, usefulness, meekness, and truth,  
 With sweetness and loyalty, guiding our youth.  
 No garden is perfect with only one flower,  
 So to perfect our lives we must strive every hour  
 To combine all the graces God gives in his love,  
 To fit us below for His garden above,  
 To subdue all the weeds of contention and sin,  
 And let all the beauty of holiness in:  
 Then the Master, who sent us to work in his field,  
 Will rejoice in the harvest our garden shall yield.

DO NOT WAIT.

"I wish I was a big woman to help you, mother," said a little girl.

"Bring mother's thimble; that will help me," said mother, smiling.

Just as if God meant for little children to wait until they grow up before helping their dear parents! No, no! God gave them two nimble feet on purpose to take steps for mother, and eight fingers and two thumbs on purpose to bring and carry for her.—*Selected.*

Written for The Dayspring by the Ladies' Commission.

LETTERS ABOUT BOOKS.

XIII.

Boston, April 2, 1879.

MY DEAR HELEN, — I promised you a letter about the new books, — those which we have read this winter, and which we hope you may find on your Sunday-school library shelves next autumn. I will try to tell you about some of them now, but you must not expect me to mention all. The titles of some will tell their own story; and then we are still at work, and hope to add some good ones, even at the last minute.

For you older readers, we have marked Mr. Clarke's "Memorial and Biographical Sketches," which tells of such men as Governor Andrew, Charles Sumner, and Daniel Webster. And to the same class belongs the "Memoir of General Bartlett," one of the bravest of our many brave soldiers, — the colonel who once went into battle the only man on horseback, because, having lost his leg, he could not lead his men on foot. One of the girls whom I found reading the book last summer said to me, "I never dreamed of such courage as his!"

For adventure, we have the stories of two of the early explorers, Pizarro and Vasco di Gama, well written and interesting; and a narrative of recent Alpine explorations, called "Alpine Adventure," with good pictures, that really do "illustrate" the text. And when we were talking over books for boys, we found that we had overlooked Mr. Francis Parkman's "Oregon Trail," not new, but always interesting. I know a small boy whose favorite occupation one summer was "hunting buffalo bulls" in the back yard, and who was eager to see Mr. Parkman, to ask "if

there wasn't something he had forgotten to tell." And the only complaint a boy of fifteen made to me about the book was that "it wouldn't last half long enough." He was consoled by knowing that Mr. Parkman had written some longer and equally interesting histories.

If your father has, as I think, the old English Bible, with the remarkable pictures over which we children used to pore on Sunday afternoons, — among which I especially remember Tobias and Bel and the Dragon, — you will need no introduction to the Apocrypha; but to many young people of the present time the two little "Selections from the Apocrypha," one from the Wisdom of Solomon, the other from Ecclesiasticus, may, we hope, be useful. They belong to the same set as the "Selections from the Writings of Marcus Aurelius and of Epictetus," — the Roman emperor and the Roman slave, — which we recommended last year; and in any one of the little volumes you will find much wisdom, and may get to have a feeling of personal interest in these old sages and heroes.

Don't overlook the "Story of Religion in England," written by Rev. Brooke Herford, himself an Englishman. I have not seen it myself; but all readers agree that it is both interesting and profitable, with clear, brief sketches of the men who were leaders in their times.

I want to speak of one other book, which will be starred for you older girls. It is "Happy Dodd," by Mrs. Rose Terry Cooke, some of whose poetry I dare say you have stored up in your scrap-book. This is the story of a young girl left an orphan in a New England village, where she spends all her life, for the most part at service in the minister's family.

You see there is little chance for exciting

incident, and the story may seem a somewhat sad one to you girls in happy homes, with many friends and relatives around you; but if you will consider it, you will see that the life was not a sad one to the girl herself, nor to the friends among whom she lived. You will recognize that often the way of putting things or the point of view is not that to which you are accustomed among Unitarians; but you have not lived all your life within sight of the meeting-houses of three different denominations without knowing that wise and good people do differ very much about such matters, and it is sometimes worth your while to get, as here, at a different standpoint from your own, and find how much there may yet be in common. I think Ruth and you might enjoy talking this over.

For the very youngest readers, — for Rob and Elsie, — we have "Carl and Gretchen's Christmas," a pretty little story in verse; "Carl's First Days," the experiences of a very little boy and some of his friends; and "Little Neighbors," which tells how a family of children spent a summer in the country.

Perhaps the children already know the "Bodleys on Wheels," and the adventures they had, and the stories they heard in their travels in New England; but don't overlook two stories of Western life, — "Nelly's Silver Mine," by H. H., which tells of the wonders of Colorado, and of the mine which Nelly didn't find; and "Prairie Days," a story of the home-life of a large family who moved West, and had not much money, and were all kind and helpful to one another.

And if the children want other than American companions, there is the story of a "Summer in Normandy," told by an English lady who went there with her



little children just at the beginning of the French war; and there is "Grandmother Dear," with whom, in the North of France, a family of bright, happy children spent a year, and heard many entertaining stories. You older ones will be interested in "Dieudonnée," the well-told story of a little French girl who, trying to help her brother in Paris, is right in the midst of the armies in the Franco-Prussian war, and has many adventures, and learns by experience that there may be kindness and pity on both sides. Don't scorn the book because it is small. It is very good.

And don't be misled by the title into thinking "Wee Willie Winkie" a story for very little children. It tells of a boy saved from a wreck on the English coast, and follows his fortunes for several years. The boy who finds him and his sailor father are worth your knowing.

Ask your mother if she remembers a translation of a French story which we had as children, called "Cecil and his Dog." It may even be in some Sunday-school libraries under that title; but it has reappeared now by the original name, "Little Robinson of Paris." It is a bit stiff and old fashioned, but good for all that.

If, as I hope, you already know Mr. Hale's "Ten Times One is Ten," you will be glad to find a second story of the series, which tells how "Mrs. Merriam's Scholars" acted on the four mottoes. And you girls may like to read "Amy and Marion's Voyage round the World," which has not as much adventure certainly as boys' books of travel, since these young women were very properly behaved. It gives a good glimpse of life in a country as little known to us as China; but I hope you would not have been quite so much surprised as these girls were at finding

that even the heathen have some true ideas of right and wrong.

If you care for these distant countries, you will like to read "Life and Adventures in Japan," by a young man who was sent out from this country as a scientific instructor. He lived there three years, and made good use of rare opportunities for seeing the natives in a more familiar way than most travellers have the chance of doing.

I am sorry that we have not many books of natural science to recommend this year. Last year we had the "Life of a Scotch Naturalist, Thomas Edward;" and this year there is a companion volume, "Life of a Scotch Geologist, Robert Dick."

"Odd Folks at Home" will introduce you to many curious creatures of sea and land; and you may find something of interest in the second story in "Brother Ben and the Bird Summer," which tells what some children learned who watched birds carefully.

"Eyes Right" is a good, fat book, which tells how some children were helped by their uncle to see carefully and to understand what they saw all about them; and "Overhead" tells what other children learned who studied what they saw in the sky. Don't be frightened by the title of "Boys and Girls in Biology;" but just dip into the book, and I am sure Ben at least will vote it "first-rate." It tells carefully and very clearly about some of the curious forms of life that are all around you: about the life in yeast and in the green mould; about mussels and lobsters and caterpillars and butterflies.

You see our list is short, — not fifty books, perhaps, out of two hundred and fifty which we have read. Do you wonder what we have found to reject in so many?

Let me tell you some things, and you shall see if you agree in our judgment.

First, then, we put aside all stories of such people as we would not like you or your brothers to have to do with in reality. This includes the boys who are solely interesting for their remarkable and improbable adventures; who never want advice or assistance from any one older or wiser than themselves; whose "luck" carries them through dangers to which no sane man would think of exposing himself, — and whose example and society could be of no possible good to any sensible boy, because they are only make-believes themselves.

If the boys want something exciting for its improbability, let them take to a genuine fairy story, — the Arabian Nights, or the Legends of Charlemagne. The incidents will not be a whit more improbable, and so far as there is any moral the fairy story usually has the best of it. And if they want real adventure, let them hunt up the stories of explorers and inventors, — men who actually lived on this earth of ours, — from whose victories and mistakes they may learn whom they must respect or pity in earnest, and about whom their enthusiasm won't be wasted.

For girls, there are two kinds of books, which come under the same head, — the unnatural: made, one might say, of the same material, but cut by very different patterns. One represents the heroine as so lovely, so brilliant, so charming, with sunny tresses and musical laugh and merry glance. When she speaks everybody listens; when she moves everybody looks; and wherever she comes the elders have apparently nothing to do but devote themselves to her. Now, in fact, I find that the prettiest and most attractive of girls do not absorb *all* the thought and attention of

their elders. Fathers and mothers, uncles and aunts, and certainly mere acquaintances, have many things to think of; and the best of girls does not expect constant notice, and would indeed find it decidedly disagreeable. Don't you think so?

The other heroine is not necessarily beautiful, — sometimes she may even be very plain, — but she is a marvel of wisdom and self-reliance. As a rule, I do not think parents and guardians are very far inferior in wisdom and experience to the young people in their charge; but the girl of whom I am thinking always has the misfortune to be surrounded by weak, silly, and unprincipled relatives, to whom she is at once guide, support, and example, while she undertakes without misgiving, and carries through with ease, at sixteen, what might well appal a wise and experienced woman of sixty. Such a girl would be simply intolerable in real life; and if you like to see what would probably befall any one who undertook to play such a part, pray read "Elmira's Ambitions; or, Miss Ross and her Career," which you will certainly find amusing. It was published two years ago.

Then there come to us many books which are written expressly to teach what we do not think true. Now, though, as in the case of "Happy Dodd" and some of Miss Yonge's books, we do sometimes recommend books in which are passages with which we do not agree, yet where we believe the main part of the teaching false we must reject them.

And, to conclude, we find books of natural history carelessly made up; books of science injured by silly stories interwoven with the teaching; and other books made up of stories of very different values, or of pieces taken from different writers without credit given to the true authors, — and

such things we think unfair, and not to be in any way approved.

These are some of our reasons for rejecting books. I wish I could know what you think of them; and I wish very much that you would write me just what you different children think of the books you read, why you like or dislike them.

This letter seems very scrappy, and like a catalogue; but if it helps you to know which of the new books you want to read, I shall be glad, and when you want to know any thing in particular you must ask it.

Your

AUNT ANNIE.

For The Dayspring.

### LITTLE CROCUS.

BY MRS. ANNIE D. DARLING.

LITTLE golden crocus,  
Peeping from the snow,  
Tells of coming summer's  
Warm winds, that will blow.

Calling up the tulips,  
Sleeping in their beds,  
With their soft, brown night-caps  
On their sleepy heads.

Whispers to the snow-drops,  
Standing pale and chill:  
"Be of hopeful courage,  
Though cold winds linger still."

Chaunts the "Miserere"  
Of old winter stern,—  
We from her a lesson  
True may surely learn.

Cheerful in the present  
Let us ever be;  
Hopeful for the future,  
And the "bright side" see.

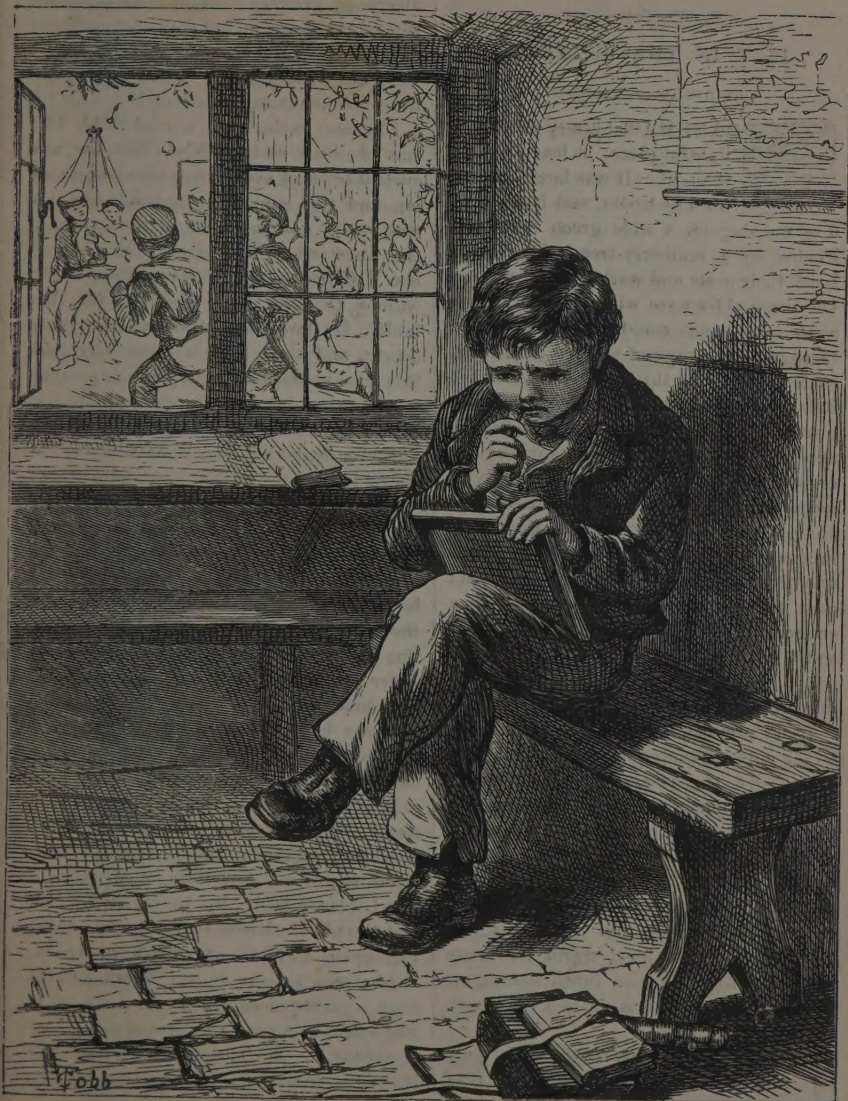
Clouds and storms and shadows  
May make some long hours;  
See us in darkness waiting  
Blossom into flowers.

### SAM IN TROUBLE.

THE picture tells its own story. Sam, instead of doing his examples in arithmetic before the class was called to recite, spent the time in play. He made, on his slate, an elephant, a camel, and a woman with a small bonnet, about the size of a saucer, on the back of her head. When the class in arithmetic was called to recite, he did not have his lesson. Then the teacher told him that he must sit in one corner of the school-room until he did the examples that had been given him. See how sad and puzzled he is over his slate, at recess, while the rest of the boys are having a fine game of ball in the yard. How he wishes he had done his examples at the proper time.

Sam played while his schoolmates studied, and now he has to study while his schoolmates play. How much unhappiness he has caused himself by this foolish course. How much better it would have been if he had got his lesson when they did, and gone out with them at recess to play ball. We hope that he will not go on, in this way, through life, but learn to do every thing at the right time. This will make him a much more useful man and a much more happy and prosperous one.





For The Dayspring.

## LILY IN THE BUTTERY.

BY MRS. M. O. JOHNSON.



GRANDMA'S buttry was a delightful place; at least, so Lily thought. It was large enough for a bedroom, and had a window opening on a wide green field, and shaded by a mulberry-tree, where birds built their nests and warbled all day long. On three sides were wide shelves, always as clean as hands could make them; and there stood the rows of shining milk-pans, coated over with thick yellow cream; the rolls of golden butter; the loaves of bread, brown and white; the dish of baked sweet apples; the jars of honey and apple-sauce, or, as grandma called it, "pandowdy;" gingerbread and seed-cakes; dried beef and cheese; and berries, while they were in season. The bread-bowl and chopping-tray had their place in one corner, and near the window stood the great yellow churn. Here Lily liked to come, and watch old Peter churning, or Debby skimming milk, and spatting out rolls of butter.

Every summer Lily spent at grandpa's, — the golden summer, when she had long rides over the pleasant country roads; when she rambled about on the farm and into the woods and berry pastures as much as she liked; fed the chickens and hunted hens' eggs in the barn, and had her baby-house under the apple-tree, with puss and her kittens for company. Breakfast was early, and in the long, warm mornings there was always a nice lunch waiting on the shelf for Lily, when she had run about till she was hungry.

But once Lily had too much of the buttry, and this is the way it happened. One

afternoon, grandpa brought home a queerly shaped package, and put it in there without opening it. Lily, as usual, asked what it was; but he only said, "Little girls sometimes ask too many questions."

Lily was, in the main, a good child. She was obedient and truthful; but she was curious to know every thing that was going on, and was sometimes meddlesome. It was really not the least matter whether she knew what the parcel contained or not. Grandpa would have been quite willing to show it to her but for this fault. He loved his little granddaughter dearly, and thought it a great pity that this one unpleasant trait should prevent her growing into the lovely woman she might be; and, in a way of his own, but with real kindness, he was trying to check it.

He often told Lily stories; he showed her curious things, and taught her much that interested and pleased her. But he never encouraged prying questions. And he had a purpose in hiding the parcel. All the evening it weighed upon Lily's mind. She questioned everybody; but Debby and Peter could not tell her, mamma and grandma would not. Much against her will, she had to go to bed without finding out any thing about it. She even lay awake, trying to guess.

Breakfast was over, and the dishes cleared away. Debby was in the outside kitchen, washing; grandma upstairs in her own room; and mamma out riding with grandpa.

"I 'clar," said Lily to herself, "I've just the nicest chance in the world. And I'm going to find out what's in there. Debby won't come in till 'most dinner-time, — never does when she's washing. She's deaf as a post, too; grandma said so yesterday." So, slyly as a mouse, the little girl crept into the pantry, carefully

shutting the door, but not before kitty, unseen, had slipped in after her.

"Now, where *can* it be?" said Lily, standing on tiptoe, and peering all around. "I don't see a thing that looks like it." And no wonder; for the parcel, whatever it was, lay snugly hidden in the great yellow churn. The strap was buckled around the churn, and she never thought of any thing inside. In one corner was a deep tin pan, covered with a clean crash towel. Lily lifted a corner, and peeped in; but she only found a nice sponge set for muffins.

"Every thing looks same's it always does," she said, standing in the middle of the room, and taking a general survey. "I know what's in that, and that, and that," nodding towards the various receptacles of good things. "Wish I could see what's on those high shelves. Oh, I know what I'll do." She turned an empty firkin upside down, and, stepping on it, climbed upon the flour-barrel. The flour had been three-fourths used; but the cover was on, for Debby was a tidy soul, and, as she said, never "left things open to dust and flies, — leastways, things to eat." To Lily's delight, she could reach the shelves; but she had scarcely begun rummaging when, as she raised herself on her toes and leaned forward, with both hands busy, the cover slipped, and down she went into the flour.

"Ow! ow!" said Lily, rubbing her arm and knee by turns, for one was scratched, and the other slightly bruised. But she was not much hurt, and couldn't stop to cry. She must get out. But this she found not so easy as she had expected. The sides of the barrel gave her no foothold. Besides, there were slivers and nails in plenty. She tried to tip it over, and creep out; but the barrel happened to be so wedged in

between the churn and the end of the shelves that it wouldn't tip, and Lily, somewhat tired and anxious, paused to consider the situation.

"I could get the flour off, I know, if I could only get out," she thought, as she looked down at her trim boots, white as snow. "It's only 'clean dirt,' Debby says. But what *shall* I do? I'm not shut in quite so bad as the pretty lady mamma told me about, that jumped into the chest; 'cause the cover shut down on her, all tight and dark, and nobody found her for ever so long. Somebody'd come here, and see me, some time, — 'fore night, I guess; but I don't want to be seen! Mamma would — oh, dear, I *must* get out!"

She tried again, with desperate courage, and succeeded in scrambling out upon the firkin, with a long rent in her apron, and with clothes, face, and hair floured till she looked like a miller! But, giving herself a vigorous shake, as a great dog does when he comes out of the water, and wiping her boots with her handkerchief, she turned, undaunted, to pursue her investigations, with a zeal worthy a better cause.

"Well, I'll stand on the firkin, any way. I can move it all round, too," said Lily, congratulating herself on the chances that remained. But, almost the next moment, something between a shriek and a howl burst from her lips, and was cut short in the middle, as she recollected the danger of discovery.

"Oh, dear me! I've just done it now. There, I've gone and upset the maple syrup right into mamma's custard, with all the beautiful little white boats in it, — no, boating islands mamma called them, didn't she? Couldn't I get it out any way, I wonder? Here's Debby's great iron spoon. Now I'll — Oh, dear, dear! It's all mixed up every way; and the pretty boats,



—no, the islands,—they're all brown and dirty and sticky. What *will* mamma say? There's company coming to tea too, and I forgot all about that. Wish grandpa'd never brought home that thing. Oh, I wonder if it isn't something nice for the tea-party! Shouldn't be a mite s'prised if mamma put me to bed, and wouldn't let me go to the tea-party. And then I shan't see it at all! I shan't ever, ever *find out*!"

And, as this climax of distress rushed upon her mind, Lily cried outright.

"Mebbe, though," she said, wiping her eyes with the much-enduring handkerchief, that had already done duty in cleaning her boots,—and greatly improving her looks thereby,—“mebbe, grandma'll say, ‘Oh, well, Anna, let the child off this time: she won't do so again, will you, dear?’” And then something about a chip and a block,—whatever *does* grandma mean, I wonder? Mamma never does punish me much when grandma says that. Seems to me,”—her spirits rising a little with the hope of grandma's mediation,—“seems to me, there's something queer up behind that pan. Wish I *could* see! Mamma won't punish me any more if I do than she will any way. Couldn't I slide the pan along, and get just one peep? Guess I can.” And stepping on the firkin again, she stood on tiptoe, and, reaching up, just grasped the edge of the pan. At that moment her kitten, thinking, perhaps, that she couldn't be expected to have better manners than her mistress, leaped suddenly on the shelf, and startled Lily so much that she jumped backward. The pan, of course, tipped; and down came a deluge of sour milk, on her head, in her eyes, and all over her clothes, fresh and clean that very morning.

Here was trouble enough. Lily, quite overcome, sat down on the sloppy floor,

and cried. But, to do her justice, with all her prying and wilfulness, she had no thought of attempting to deceive her mother, or excuse herself. She picked herself up after a while, a forlorn little object enough.

“Guess I'd better go up to the bathroom, and get grandma to dress me,” she thought. “Don't believe mamma's come home yet.” But, to her dismay, she could not open the door. The inside knob had come off a day or two before, and had not yet been replaced. Lily had latched the door when she came in, never thinking how she was to get out. She called and called with all her might; she shook the latch, and pounded the door; but Debby was deaf, and grandma sewing quietly upstairs, and thinking the little girl was having a nice ride with grandpa and mamma. She leaned out of the window, and tried to make old Peter hear; but he was at work in the garden, away down at the foot of the hill, so she had small chance. She could not jump out of the window, for just below it stood a tub of rain-water; and, to make matters still less promising, Lion, a neighbor's dog, a huge mastiff, of which she was greatly afraid, happened this morning to be sleeping beside the tub, where he had come to drink. Nobody heard her, and nobody came, for three long hours,—the longest Lily had ever known.

At last, Debby wanted the butter for the dinner-table, and opened the door. “Massy! what's all this?” exclaimed the old woman. “Of all the aggervatin' children! What *will* she be up ter next?”

But the sight of the forlorn and wearied child touched her kind heart with pity, and she forgave the state of her pantry, though there was a good hour's work before her to get it “clared up,” as she

called it. Lily looked very little like the flower whose name she bore as, heartily ashamed, she crept upstairs the back way to be made tidy for dinner.

Mamma did not scold; did not say she must lose the tea-party, though Lily owned she deserved this. She only said: "My little girl has had a pretty severe lesson. I hope she will not need another."

Very inviting was the table, with its snowy damask, its silver tea-service, and pretty gilt-and-white china. Another floating-island had been made. The tea and coffee, rolls and muffins, golden butter, tongue, and cake were all ready, when mamma brought two glass dishes from the refrigerator. They were filled with ripe, juicy pine-apple, cut in delicate slices, and sprinkled with white sugar.

"Why, mamma," exclaimed Lily, "was that it?"

The "queer bundle," that had so excited her wonder, because, as she said, it was "all knotty and bunchy,"—for which she had taken such trouble upon herself, and made so much for her mother and poor Debby,—contained three pine-apples!

"Much ado about nothing," was it not?

But the long summer morning in the buttery was not spent in vain, for Lily had learned her lesson.

If young persons can be taught well what they don't wish to do at all, then you may trust them to do pleasant and easy things that they prefer; and, if they lose this as a fundamental discipline in those school-days, there is no hard discipline, even in real life, that can repair the mischief that they have suffered.

THERE is no sin we can be tempted to commit but we shall find a greater satisfaction in resisting than committing.

For The Dayspring.

## LETTERS ABOUT SUNDAY SCHOOL.

### II.

I HOPE you liked my last letter well enough to be glad of another.

Let us imagine for a moment that we are a necklace of Sunday schools encircling this land; every Sunday school a bead on this necklace,—a bead to be kept clean and sparkling. Now, instead of wondering what other schools are doing to keep their beads bright, our business is to take care of our own. One way to do so is for all the teachers and all the scholars to come regularly every Sunday.

In the record-book of our Sunday school, every one who is present has a cross put against his name. When these crosses extend over the school-year, they make, as it seems to me, a beautiful fence. For what do we put a fence around our fields but to keep out stray cattle, and prevent men and women from trampling the grass? And we go to Sunday school to build a fence around our hearts, so no wild, unclean thoughts shall find entrance there, to trample down the sweet blossoms of kindness and gentleness and truth.

I want you, my dears, to form the habit of going regularly to both church and Sunday school. If you live to be old, it will be a pleasant thought that you always went when you could. Do not let a little cloud in the sky or a small headache keep you away. If any one is ill at home, and needs you, or if you are really ill yourself, why, then it is your duty to stay at home.

The other Sunday my doctor advised me not to go to Sunday school. For the first time since October, 1876, I had to put an ugly little *a* against my name. It looks like a tooth broken out, or one of those

gaps in a fence where a slat has given way. It was hard to stay at home that Sunday; but if I were to do so two or three times, it would grow easier and easier, till, finally, I should not care to go at all. I have noticed that those children who go regularly to Sunday school for a year are apt to try to do the same the next. They form the good habit, and take a pride and pleasure in being present. There are two families of children in our school whose names shine out on the Roll of Honor every year. How I like that term, Roll of Honor! If it be grand to be on it in our public day schools, it is still more so to be on it in our Sunday schools, where the scholars come of their own accord.

Another way to keep your bead on the necklace clean and bright, is to give your whole attention to your teacher. I will tell you a story that I read the other day, as well as I can remember it. There was a minister once in Washington, who was so annoyed by his hearers turning their heads to see who was coming in the church-door, that he said, "My friends, if you will look at me, and attend to my preaching, every time the door opens I will stop and tell you who is coming in." True to his word, he paused, and said, "There comes Mr. A., who has a shop around the corner, you all know him." Again pausing, "Mrs. B. is coming in, with an odd-looking bonnet on." Then he went on again preaching, pausing in a minute to say, "Here comes a short man, with a white hat under his arm. I don't know him. Look for yourselves." His people were cured.

This staring about prevents many a boy and girl from gaining what can be gained from a Sunday-school lesson. Besides this loss, it is rude to the teacher. She has studied the lesson; she is trying to make it clearer to you; she is speaking with

other voices disturbing her; and the least you can do is to give her your whole attention. One of our teachers asked her scholars the other day what they would think if she were to teach in the same way that they listened, with her head *craned* out one way to see what was going on in the other classes, while she asked questions sideways.

Now I want you to do a sum. Did you ever think how little time you give to Sunday school? Say you go every Sunday, how many hours do you give in a year? And how many days do those hours make out of the 365? Think it over, and answer me truly. "Do you not feel that it is your solemn duty to give your whole attention to your teacher for that one hour a Sunday?"

Your loving friend,

E. P. CHANNING.

---

For The Dayspring.

TOM FUM.

"I wish that I could see Tom Fum,"  
Said Harry, as he beat his drum,  
While, with his bright and wistful eyes,  
He looked at Robbie very wise.  
But Robbie drew himself up straight,  
And thoughtful rubbed his curly pate;  
Then said, "You little baby,  
It isn't *fum* at all; but, may be,  
You don't know your spelling better.  
I'll tell you, though: *fum* ain't the letter;  
It's *tum*, *Tom Tum*, — they call him so,  
'Cos he's a tiny mite, you know,  
No bigger than this little *tum*,  
That you are always calling *fum*."  
Then Harry, looking still more wise,  
And wider opening his eyes,  
Said, "No, I ain't a baby;  
But, Robbie, you are, may be.  
I say *Tom Fum*, — exact the same  
As you, — *Tom Fum*, — and that's his name."



## THE GOOD SCHOLAR.

Two things together are the very model of a good scholar. First, you must listen. You must hear; you must be silent; you must be attentive. We can never hope to gain real wisdom or knowledge unless we are willing to be taught, unless we look out for instruction, unless we fix our minds. He who is always talking without listening to what others say; he who is always asking questions without waiting for an answer; he who allows his mind to wander from one thing to another; he who thinks he is wiser than his teachers, and cleverer than his companions; he who does not look up to what is above himself, whether old or young, is not learning as Jesus Christ learned. We must also be good askers of questions. — *Dean Stanley.*

## KNOW YOURSELF.

If I were a boy again, one of the first things I would strive to do would be this: I would, as soon as possible, try hard to become acquainted with and then deal honestly with myself, to study up my own deficiencies and capabilities, and I would begin early enough, before faults had time to become habits; I would seek out earnestly all the weak spots in my character and then go to work speedily and mend them with better material; if I found that I was capable of some one thing in a special degree, I would ask counsel on that point of some judicious friend, and if advised to pursue it, I would devote myself to that particular matter, to the exclusion of much that is foolishly followed in boyhood. — *James T. Fields.*

CHRISTIAN graces are like stars; they shine in the dark.

For The Dayspring.

## REV. XXI.

[Arranged for the tune of "Blue Juniata."]

THERE's a beauteous home above,  
With glories beaming;  
Where broad streets of gold and pearl  
Are richly gleaming.  
See, in walls of jasper gray,  
Bright jewels glowing,  
And, from out the throne of God,  
Pure waters flowing!

Sun and moon no longer there  
Mark day's returning.  
For the Lord himself doth shine  
With mighty burning!  
There no temple's warning bell  
Rings out through the air;  
Every heart is full of love,  
Every thought a prayer.

No more sorrow, sin, or care,  
No grief or sighing;  
No more doubt or fell despair,  
No pain or dying.  
Oh, let's strive that home to win,  
By sinning never;  
There in peace and joy to dwell  
With God for ever!

M. E. W.

## GRUMBLING.

SOME people are ever grumbling. If they have not great troubles, they have little ones, to keep them fretting; and many would say of them that they grumble merely for pastime. A fretful disposition is of no advantage: it only makes the possessor and those connected with him miserable. The better way is always to look on the bright side of things; for we shall meet with trouble enough in the world without turning out of our way to seek it. Grumbling makes a hard job harder, sours the temper, unnecessarily fatigues both body and mind, and never facilitates business. — *Selected.*

## HUMOROUS.

A LAZY boy was complaining that his bed was too short; when his father sternly replied, "That is because you are always too long in it, sir."

An old lady recently directed the attention of her husband to a pair of twins, remarking, as she did so, "How much these two children do look alike, especially the one this way."

A young man searching for his father's pig accosted an Irishman as follows: "Have you seen a stray pig about here?" Pat responded: "Faix, and how could I tell a stray pig from any other?"

When little Leon first went to school, he was very dull about pronouncing his words. One day his teacher gave him "mat" to spell. "M-a-t," he said, "m-a-t." Thinking to help him a little, the teacher inquired, "What do you wipe your feet on before you go into the house?" The little fellow brightened up, and spelled again, "M-a-t, an old piece of carpet."

A farmer at Strafford Corners, N. H., on being asked if he believed in woman suffrage, replied, "Yes: my wife is at home suffering now."

A gentleman, who was one day relating to a Quaker a tale of deep distress, concluded very pathetically by saying, "I could not but feel for him." "Verily, friend," replied the Quaker, "thou didst right in that thou didst feel for thy neighbor; but didst thou feel in the right place? Didst thou feel in thy pocket?"

Little Emma from Washington was sent on a visit to her cousin, who was an officer at Fort Monroe. She became homesick after a little while, and said, "Cousin A—, please put a postage-stamp on my forehead, and send me home in the cars."

## Puzzles.

## ENIGMA.

- I am composed of twelve letters.  
 My 12, 11, 6, signifies to help.  
 My 10, 3, 1, is a part of the leg.  
 My 12, 2, is an interjection.  
 My 7, 4, 8, is an addition to a house.  
 My 1, 3, 9, is a disease of a hen.  
 My 5, 8, 7, is a liquor.

My whole is an important city in one of the Middle States. IRVING.

## DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

- One of the Southern States.
- One of Joseph's brethren.
- A small insect.
- A part of the breast-plate worn by a high-priest.
- A city in Canada.
- A fabulous animal with one horn.
- A city in New York.

My initials give the name of a beautiful wild flower of the early Spring. My finals name another Spring flower.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN APRIL NUMBER.

## ENIGMA NO. 1.

"A word to the wise is sufficient."

## ENIGMA NO. 2.

Bombshell.

## SQUARE WORD.

N A I L  
 A L M A  
 I M P S  
 L A S S

## THE DAYSPRING.

(Rev. George F. Piper, Editor),

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE

*Unitarian Sunday-School Society.*

7 TREMONT PLACE . . . . . BOSTON.

TERMS.—Per annum, for a single copy . 30 cents.  
 Four copies to one address . \$1.00.

Postage, 2½ cents additional for each copy, per year.

*Payment invariably in advance.*

Press of John Wilson & Son: Cambridge.